

Don't Shoot the Messenger

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Summary: Only Wufei could deliver the most joyous, exciting, and life-changing news and somehow still make you feel terrible in the process. (Written for simulacrarn for the 54 Writing Prompts on tumblr)

Don't Shoot the Messenger

"You look like hell."

Sally groaned, looking up from her computer to where Wufei stood in the doorway. As always, he was perfectly alert and put together for the start of the 4 a.m. shift.

"Good morning to you, too," she said with all the sarcasm she could muster at the moment. Clearing her inbox was doing little to distract her from the queasiness in her stomach. She took another swig of ginger tea and was annoyed to find it almost gone.

Wufei hung his jacket on the empty hook and glanced back at her. "Have you seen the doctor yet?"

"I am a doctor."

"I mean a doctor who will actually do his job and not let you continue with this delusion." He dropped his bag next to his chair, and the sound of it hitting the floor seemed to add emphasis to his point.

"Your concern is touching, really. But for the last time, I am fine."

The thing was, Wufei truly did care, even if the gossip in the Preventers lunch hall led his subordinates to believe otherwise. Through the time she had spent with him in and out of war, Sally had come to know the sensitive "and even kind" side to the former

gundam pilot. But he was a product of a highly conservative, isolated, and war-torn environment, and that " on top of being just plain socially awkward " meant that modern workplace etiquette did not always come easy.

Yet he was nowhere as bad as the rumors claimed. He still had moments where he would confuse bigotry as fact, but he was willing to listen to objection, and although he rarely apologized, Sally noticed he seldom made the same mistake twice. So it was a shame that the impression he had made at fifteen was what still largely defined him today. Although Sally did admit she enjoyed watching him sweat through the annual sensitivity trainings as much as the rest of her coworkers.

"Let me help you with that," Wufei said when he stopped her in the hall a few days later.

Sally shifted the heavy boxes of files in her arms and shot the women standing nearby a look that said, _see?_

"Thank you, Wufei. That's very kind of you," she told him as he took the pile from her.

"I spent an hour arranging these documents in chronological order," he huffed and started up the stairway. "I don't want to waste my time reorganizing them because you're too weak to carry them up the stairs."

The whispers from the onlookers stopped her from saying anything in return. Instead, she sighed as he disappeared up the steps. So much for improving his reputation.

"He thinks I'm still sick," she explained with a shrug. "And that reminds me, have you all gotten your flu shots yet?"

The hall cleared almost instantly, everyone suddenly remembering an appointment or deadline they had to make. She shook her head as she walked to the cafeteria, hoping that the slight spring in her step meant she was on the road to full recovery.

One of the biggest perks in working at HQ had to be the food served in the cafeteria. There was a wide selection of curries, soups, pasta " and even fresh sushi " which Sally enjoyed by the only decent-sized windows in the building. Oftentimes Wufei would join her, and they would spend their break imagining life stories for the tiny pedestrians on the street below.

Two weeks after she declared herself to be on the mend, she brought an extra serving of lasagna back to their tiny shared office. Wufei didn't say anything when she pulled out a fork and started eating at her desk, but after the paper plate was in the bin and she had gone back to filing, he looked up.

"You've gotten fatter."

Sally slammed the filing cabinet shut with so much force it bumped back into the wall. She simply stared at him for a moment, waiting to see if he had any more charming commentary to add while also taking a moment to collect herself.

"I'm really glad you brought this up," she finally said. "I wasn't sure how to tell you this, but you've put on three kilograms yourself since the previous physical. Gain any more and they may be calling you in."

The reaction was entirely expected. "What!" he cried, rising from his chair. "That's impossible! I'm in the same shape I've always been. The equipment needs replacing."

She shrugged and reclined back into her leather seat. "That's what on your record. You'll have to take it up with the the clinic if you think there's an issue."

Complaining under his breath, he stormed off to do just that.

Sally locked the door behind him and leaned back against it with a sigh. She was not in the mood to deal with his antics at the moment and desperately needed some peace and quiet.

After a brief glance at the clock, she put earphones in and turned the music up as high as she could handle. She knew she was being petty, but Wufei was scheduled to be in a briefing for the majority of the afternoon anyway. A little time away from his desk would do him some good.

What she had not planned on was both of them being called into Une's office hours later. The furious look that Wufei shot her confirmed that he had indeed tried to come back to their office before his appointment. Sitting in the chair beside him, Sally gave him a smile that was a tad apologetic. She had let her mood get the best of her earlier, and if she was here to be reprimanded for it, she wouldn't put up a fight.

"Thank you both for coming." Une's tone wasn't one of discipline, but urgency. "As you both know, we have been monitoring the situation in the Hengduan Mountains for the past few months, and the newest update we received is quite troubling."

"The last intel I saw was that the weapons plant had been shut down and the owners arrested," Sally mentioned while turning to Wufei to make sure they were on the same page. He, however, refused to look at her and said nothing.

"That's correct. That is the last update we received from Guoliang He, our agent who has been monitoring the group of rebels associated with the production plant," Une paused before continuing, "However, that update was almost two months ago and he has missed two check-ins with our Chengdu base. As of today, his status has been changed to Missing In Action."

"And you think he's been discovered," Sally guessed.

"Or he's jumped ship," Wufei sneered, always the optimist.

"We won't know what's happened until we do a little more digging," Une clarified. "While I have confidence in the Sino region operations team, I believe the situation calls for specialists of a higher rank that are familiar with the area."

"It sounds like it," Sally agreed with enthusiasm. It had been too

long since she had been out in the field. "When do you want us to leave?"

Une glanced through a folder on her desk before responding. "You'll need to be formally briefed and then you'll be able to ship out tonight."

"Sally's not going," Wufei stated while crossing his arms. "I'll do this alone."

"Look, Wufei," Sally began patiently. "I know you're mad at me, and I'm sorry for earlier. But you are not stopping me from going with you. It's my hometown we're talking about."

Ignoring her, he addressed Une instead. "Sally's been ill, Commander. She's in no shape for this."

"That's all passed! Really, Commander, I'm feeling great," Sally insisted with an easy laugh.

"Liar!" Wufei barked back.

Her breaking point was fast approaching as she whipped her head towards him. "What is with you lately? I feel like I'm back in 195!"

Une rose from her chair and put her hands on her desk. "You two, I am not going to sit here and listen to this. I need to make a call, and when I come back, I expect whatever it is that is going on between you to be resolved."

They both nodded and waited quietly until she was out the door. The second the handle clicked back in place, Sally snapped. "I can't believe this! What the hell is wrong with you?"

"The issue is what is wrong with you! Look at how emotional you're being," Wufei shot back as he moved away to peer out the office's sole window.

"So what if I'm being emotional, you ass! My family and friends are likely in danger."

He scoffed, but kept his back turned towards her. Then in a calmer voice, he asked, "You really don't suspect it, do you?"

The sudden change in demeanor piqued her interest. "What don't I suspect?"

He shifted on his feet before confessing, "I think you might be pregnant."

Sally felt the air leave her lungs as if she had been punched in the gut. When she eventually remembered to breathe, it came out in a shaky laugh. "So you're a doctor now?"

Wufei turned to her with an expression that was anything but joking. "No, but I've been telling you for weeks that you need to see one."

Her mind started to race with the happenings of the last month

no, it would have had to have been months. True, she had been ill for a while, but her symptoms matched the strain of influenza that was going around the office. And while her last couple of menstrual cycles had begun with little more than spotting, that wasn't uncommon due to the stress and strenuous activity of her job.

"It's not that-" she insisted, but he cut her off.

"If you'd pull yourself out of the hole you've buried yourself in, you'll see that it very likely is that. I keep trying to tell you but you refuse to listen," he stopped to laugh bitterly. "Why am I even doing this?"

If he was looking for an answer, Sally was too caught up in memories to provide one. She could see that in his own way, Wufei had tried to alert her to what he thought was going on – he'd commented on her sickness, fatigue, weight gain, and sensitivity. While his assumption could still be completely off the mark, she had to admit it was a logical conclusion.

"Oh God," she gasped and brought a hand to her mouth. "I might be pregnant."

The option wasn't unpleasant; however, it was entirely unexpected and something she had never truly let herself imagine while fighting in the war. She felt a wave of nausea roll over her as she gathered her jacket and paperwork. "I'm going to the clinic."

Wufei rolled his eyes and threw up his hands as he trailed behind her. "Finally!"

A group of people were waiting in the reception area when they got there, so Sally flashed her badge and opened the heavy door into the lab to take matters into her own hands. Twenty minutes later, the blood had been drawn, the test had been run, and Wufei had been proven right. There was no denying it any further; she was pregnant. Looking back, there had probably been a part of her that had known, but she had pushed aside the nagging sensation before she could even realize what it was.

Now, back in their office, Sally sat in a daze as she watched Wufei prepare for deployment. It was probably for the best if she headed home herself. There was no way she could focus on work in this state; she couldn't even remember how she had gotten back here from the clinic.

But going home would take away all the distractions HQ provided her. It would force her to consider decisions and changes that she didn't have the energy for at the moment.

After struggling to zip up his stuffed rucksack, Wufei grew still, seemingly lost in his thoughts as well. A silence fell over the two that was undisturbed by the chatter of those that passed by the open door.

After a time, Wufei glanced at his watch before asking, "How are you feeling?"

"Pregnant," she deadpanned. "But I'll be OK. I'm still in a bit of shock at the moment, but this is a good thing. I want this."

"That's good," he nodded before a hint of a grin formed on his lips. Sally knew that expression well, and she steeled herself for the worst. That look said Wufei was going to say something that he thought was amusing. But he was never funny when he was trying to be.

"So," he began before taking a moment to shrug into his jacket. "Do you have any idea who the father is?"

Sally took it all back: every nice thing she had said about him and every time she had defended him. She was happy to admit she was wrong, and what the girl who worked three doors down had said was absolutely correct "he was a punk-ass, no-good, chauvinistic dick. But on top of all that, he was also very fast. He had escaped down the hall before she could get her hands on him, cackling all the way.

Being undercover on the other side of the world meant that Wufei wouldn't have to face her for a couple of days at least. As she flipped on the office lights the next morning, she stopped to wonder how long she would be alone.

It was another 4 o'clock shift, but she was feeling much better than expected. Between refiguring her household budget for new expenses and a long conversation with Noin via the Mars communication network, she had come to the realization the night before that she was willing and capable of doing this.

After hanging her jacket and dropping her bag, she went to her desk and began sorting through the documents that had been placed there overnight. At the bottom of the pile was a large package that had nothing on it except the stamp that certified it as intraoffice correspondence. She opened it first.

Inside was an assortment of pastries from the trendy bakery around the corner. Wedged between the croissant and strudel, Sally also found certificates good for a session at a maternity spa and dinner at her favorite restaurant.

"Wufei," she sighed and started removing the contents of the box in hopes of finding something to confirm what she was already positive of.

And there at the bottom of the package was a card decorated with a stork. Inside, in a mixture of the card company's cheery typeface and Wufei's chicken scratch, it read:

****Congratulations!****

I'm an ass

Laughing, Sally sunk down into her chair. She took a moment to consider which interpretation of the card she enjoyed the most before grabbing one of the muffins.

"You know what, baby?" she smiled as she placed her free hand on her stomach. "I think we're going to be all right after all."

* * *

><p>END<p>

The prompt was: #52 ["I think you might be pregnant"], with Sally being the one pregnant and Wufei pointing it out.

End
file.